A NEW

BALLAD,

INSCRIB'D TO

POLLY PEACHUM.

To the Tune of Pr[illegible] Parrot ſay.

By the Author of LEHEUP'*s Ballad.*

LONDON:

Printed for A. MOORE, *near St.* Paul's, *and Sold at the Pamphlet-Shops in* London *and* Weſtminſter. *Price 6 d.*

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To the Tune of Pretty Parrot ſay.

PRETTY *Polly* ſay,
When did *Jo--y G--*
St--ch you, *St--ch* you, for his Play,
In which you 'pear ſo charming;
Does he *St--ch*,
With a Twitch,
As well as *R---*,
Or does he *S---e* you ſtorming;
Whilſt you do fondly loll,
Whilſt you do fondly loll,
O pretty, pretty *Poll*.

II.

Tell us how he plays,
How his Fingers ſtrays;
Tell us all his various Ways,
How he his Shot diſcharges:
Is his Veins
Like his Brains,
When in Strains,
He a Theme enlarges?
Sure 'tis a pleaſant Droll,
Sure 'tis a pleaſant Droll,
O pretty, pretty *Poll.*

III.

But not only he,
Men of high Degree
Are as fond, as fond of thee,
As the *German* Count thy Keeper;
For a T---ſt,
Gold like Duſt,
But unjuſt,
Thou didſt play the Sweeper;
And thou didſt with others fall,
And thou didſt with others fall,
O wicked, wicked *Poll.*

IV.

Old Sir *R*——*F*——,
With his jaded Nag,
Of a ſwifter Art did brag,
To run a Race with Vigour;
But the Job,
Made Sir *Bob*
Sigh and Sob,
This was *Venus* Rigour:
For you did his Courage pall,
For you did his Courage pall,
O pretty, pretty *Poll.*

V.

No *New-market* Race,
Brought him ſuch Diſgrace,
He was diſtanc'd in the Chaſe,
And from his Steed diſmounted:
He'll no more brag,
Of his Nag,
He does flag,
And *run* as it's recounted:
Thus, thou doſt ſerve 'em all,
Thus, thou doſt ſerve 'em all,
O pretty, pretty *Poll.*

VI.

B-----d's pretty D--*e*,
Wounded by a Look,
Would come in too for a Stroke,
And from the Stage he had thee:
O ſweet Joy,
Noble Boy,
Pretty Toy,
He will not upbraid thee;
Tho' others on thee Fall,
Tho' others on thee Fall,
O pretty, pretty *Poll.*

VII.

L--*d T----y* came,
Full of Fire and Flame,
Panting, panting for the Game,
Like a Youth in Flower:
To gain his Ends
How he ſpends,
And deſcends
In a Golden Shower:
Such may have thee at their Call,
Such may have thee at their Call,
O pretty, pretty *Poll.*

VIII.

Then came Sir *J---H-----*,
Thund'ring at thy Cupboard ;
But you caſt him like a Lubbard,
And did ſoon diſpatch him :
For the Knight
Spit his Spite,
And tir'd quite,
Since thou didſt over Match him :
For thou didſt his Vigour maul,
For thou didſt his Vigour maul,
O pretty, nimble *Poll.*

IX.

S-----e, tho' in State,
Is both Good and Great ;
Yet he put in for the Plate,
Running at a Venture :
Was his Trick
Politick,
Did his
Meet you in the Centre :
Tho' he flew, thou mad'ſt him crawl,
Tho' he flew, thou mad'ſt him crawl,
O pretty, pretty *Poll.*

X.

Thus the Stars we ſee,
Lend their Light to thee ;
Bright and Glorious thou muſt be,
Who art ſo much ſhin'd on :
Happy Days,
If thy Rays
Do not Blaze,
So as to Fire and Blind one ;
Then thou wilt loudly bawl,
Then thou wilt loudly bawl,
O poor unhappy *Poll.*

O thou

XI.

O thou pretty Toaſt,
Fops with Joy do boaſt
That with Eaſe they rule the Roaſt,
And thou'rt always ready;
But I ſay,
Make them pay
For their Play;
If thou't be a Lady,
Learn to riſe as well as fall,
Learn to riſe as well as fall,
O pretty, pretty *Poll.*

XII.

Therefore pretty *Poll*,
Give each Fop a Fall;
Never, never End the Droll
Without Coach and Horſes:
You're in Prime,
Uſe your Time,
What is Sl - - e,
Cupid has his Croſſes:
And he will wound thy Gall,
And he will wound thy Gall,
O pretty, pretty *Poll.*

XIII.

If a Conflagration
Makes a Perturbation,
There is Smarting and Vexation,
Guineas fly for *Bolus*;
Then the Quire
Do retire,
Fearing *Fire*,
And they leave you *Solus*:
Then take heed how you fall,
Then take heed how you fall,
O pretty, pretty *Poll.*

XIV.

Yet, dear *Poll*, you may
Suffer *J---y G--*,
For to *S----h* you for his Play,
Which has rais'd your Grandeur;
Before which
You would *S----h*
Near *Fleet-Ditch*,
P---ll was your Pinder:
Then don't you vaunt it over all,
Then don't you vaunt it over all,
Tho' you are pretty *Poll*.

F I N I S.

See that this is headed as p. 9 of "A new ballad inscrib'd to Polly Peachum"

The following Lines being ſent to the Author as an Anſwer to the foregoing BALLAD, *he, to ſhew what he publiſh'd was not done out of Malice to* POLLY PEACHUM, *has annex'd them to this Edition, having ſo much Value for the Female Sex as to give Fair Play to a Fair Woman.*

I.

PRay, Sir, who are you
That thus dares to ſhew
Polly's Pranks to open View,
And ſo loudly expoſe her;
Cruel Bard,
This is hard,
No Regard
To *Poll*, nor thoſe that knows her;
For you do Lampoon 'em all,
For you do Lampoon 'em all,
As well as pretty *Poll*.

II.

Are you Pimp or Spy
That does thus deſcry
Poll's Gallants, and where they lie,
L---s and G-----'d Cullies:
Can't your Muſe
Something chooſe
From the Stews
Of Common Whores and Bullies;
But maliciouſly you fall,
But maliciouſly you fall,
On pretty, pretty *Poll*.

III.

Poll performs her Parts
With ſuch Grace and Arts,
That each Night ſhe conquers Hearts,
Both in Pit and Boxes;
Then refrain,
Be'nt ſo plain,
Do not ſtain
Poll with common Doxies;
For ſhe does Charm us all,
For ſhe does Charm us all,
O pretty, pretty *Poll.*

IV.

Since *Poll* has gain'd Applauſe,
All vindicate her Cauſe,
And prodigious Crowds ſhe draws,
All conſpire to *Clap* her;
The Houſe rings
When ſhe Sings,
Muſt ſuch Things
Vaniſh in a Vapour;
No, ſhe out-ſhines them all,
No, ſhe out-ſhines them all,
O pretty, pretty *Poll.*

FINIS.